BIBLIOTHECA FICTIVA

W. EARLE

* NATURAL FAULTS

1799

NATURAL FAULTS:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS WRITTEN

BY WILLIAM EARLE, JUNIOR:

SO LIKE

FIRST FAULTS,

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,
FOR THE BENEFIT OF MISS DE CAMP,
THAT THE READER WILL IMMEDIATELY
CONCLUDE IT IS THE SAME.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;
AND SOLD BY EARLE AND HEMET,
FRITH-STREET, SOHO.

1799.

PREFACE.

SOME paragraphs having been inſerted in the daily papers, greatly injurious to my character, and very unpleaſant to my family, I find myſelf compelled, in a manner, to print the following play. Conſcious of its innumerable defects, I would never have ventured upon its publication, had not Miſs De Camp, in a moſt peremptory manner, aſſerted that ſhe was the authoreſs, and even, that ſome of the ſcenes had been written but within a few weeks of the repreſentation. She offers to bring witneſſes, and thoſe of a moſt reſpectable character, that will prove the truth of her aſſertion; ſhe abſolutely denies all knowledge of the manuſcript having been ſent her; ſhe upbraids me for my inſolence, in daring to avow myſelf as the author of the piece; ſhe threatens to proſecute me for this literary rob-

bery, and bids me have a care how I hazard to publiſh what ſhe calls her own production.

I ſincerely lament the neceſſity I am under of contending with Miſs De Camp.—I call it *neceſſity*, as offers were made to her, both by my father and me, of adjuſting matters, ſo as to be nowiſe detrimental to either party: but, as ſhe refuſes, as ſhe deſpiſes every kind of accommodation, for my own ſake, for the ſake of my family, for the ſake of my friends, I ſhall lay before the public the following

SIMPLE FACTS:

I wrote "NATURAL FAULTS" full two years ago. Ye, Critics! ſtay awhile your laſh; withhold your cenſure, however merited, and deign to conſider that I was only ſixteen!! I publiſh this play, ſuch as I wrote it then, with all its faults, and without the leaſt alteration.

The plot was taken from that perhaps beſt novel in the Engliſh language, "The Man of Feeling." The occaſion was this:

I have

I have ever been fond of ſcribbling, and, although very young, innumerable are the ſcraps of paper, full of verſes, fragments, dialogues, &c. &c. &c. which I have now in my poſſeſſion; and which, though fit only for lighting the fire, I am, nevertheleſs, ready to ſhow to any one, who can muſter patience ſufficient to read them. Some little time before this, I had written a ſort of a *petite pièce*, called "The Villagers," which I had ſent *anonymouſly* to Mr. John Palmer. It ſo happened, however, that, having ſeveral times applied to him, by letter, for orders to the theatre, he, by theſe means, knew my hand-writing. The next time he ſaw me, he acknowledged the receipt of the piece, and was pleaſed to add, that he liked it very well. In the courſe of the converſation, Mr. Palmer aſked me, if I would attempt to write a Comedy, and hinted at "The Man of Feeling," which I had lent him ſome time before, when a rumour had prevailed that Mr. Taylor was going to write a play from that novel. Mr. Palmer told me that he thought Mr. Taylor had given up all thoughts of it. I told Mr. Palmer that I did not feel myſelf equal to ſuch an undertaking, and there the matter reſted.

Yet,

Yet, the hint given me by Mr. Palmer made a ſtrong impreſſion upon me. I peruſed the novel—I fancied I could ſelect a plot—the idea fired my imagination, and the thought of becoming the author of a play, and of a good one, ſince I was almoſt certain of Mr. Palmer's aſſiſtance, animated me to ſuch a degree, that I inſtantly fell to work, and, after much ſcribbling and blotting, brought my play as far as the duel-ſcene. Here I was ſtopped—I wanted ſomething more than an ordinary rencontre—but invention failed me. By good luck, I met with an old newſpaper, in which I read an account of a meeting in Hyde Park between a father and a ſeducer, each of whom, equally unwilling to wound his antagoniſt, fired his piſtols in the air. I caught hold of the idea, and inſtantly dramatized it. All the reſt is my own.

Every one who was acquainted with the late Mr. Palmer knows, that, owing, either to his numerous occupations, or to ſome other cauſe, he was rather too negligent. My *petite pièce*, "The Villagers," he had promiſed to bring out for his benefit, but he never did. I deſired him, laſt ſeaſon, to ſend it to Miſs De Camp; but he delayed it ſo long, that her

benefit

benefit was, at length, fixed, and the play choſen—of courſe, it became too late for mine. "Natural Faults" fared the ſame fate—he never ſpoke to me about it; and, for my part, I perhaps durſt not. Soon after, Mr. Palmer went into the country, whence he never returned!!!

But I wanted ſomething to be done with "Natural Faults." My vanity, which I hope will be deemed very excuſable in a youth of ſeventeen, would not permit me to let it drop untried. Therefore, after ſome time had elapſed, I got a boy, to whom I gave a ſhilling, to carry it to Miſs De Camp's. I followed—ſtood on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet—and ſaw the boy knock at the houſe, when Miſs Adelaide De Camp opened the door, and took the manuſcript, together with a letter which I had written to her ſiſter, under a feigned name.

Things remained in that ſituation till about September laſt, when, anxious to know whether my play was likely to come on, I called on Miſs De Camp. She was not at home. I then wrote to her, deſiring to know whether ſhe would accept my *petite pièce*,

"The Villagers," for her benefit. No anſwer was returned. I wrote again—called myſelf, ſeveral times, at her houſe; and, at length, received a note from Miſs Adelaide, by which ſhe informed me, that her ſiſter had received from a gentleman the manuſcript of a play, which, if ſhe had intereſt ſufficient, ſhe would bring out for her benefit—otherwiſe, ſhe would accept of my *petite pièce*. This, at once, convinced me, that "Natural Faults" had been received, and would be brought forward; and, as my family knew that I had written a play, which I had ſent to ſomebody, when I was again queſtioned upon the ſubject, I no longer made any ſcruple to declare that Miſs De Camp had it, and intended to have it performed for her benefit.

All the above facts have been denied by Miſs De Camp. She aſſerts that ſhe never received any manuſcript——that ſhe wrote "FIRST FAULTS" herſelf——even that the duel-ſcene was compoſed three weeks only before the repreſentation, &c. &c. &c.

Inſtances

Inſtances may be produced to prove that *one* idea may ſtrike two or more perſons. But is it natural to ſuppoſe, that ſuch a coincidence of ideas as is to be found in "Natural Faults" and "Firſt Faults," ſhould equally ſtrike the imaginations of two perſons? Let the public judge of the ſimilarity throughout the two pieces.

I call mine "NATURAL FAULTS."—Miſs De Camp calls her's "FIRST FAULTS."

"Counſellor *Chatter*" in mine——"Counſellor *Prattle*" in Miſs De Camp's.

I make "*Chatter*" bring extracts from plays—Miſs De Camp makes "*Prattle*" quote caſes ſimilar to that before him.

"*Bettall*" in mine——"*Longodds*" in Miſs De Camp's, &c. &c. &c.

I will allow that many alterations have been made to my play. For inſtance, the French ſervant is made by Miſs De Camp to ſpeak whole ſentences in

 a lan-

a language which many of the audience cannot underſtand. This may be an *improvement*, but I never thought of doing it.

I make "*Bettall*" a gambler—Miſs De Camp makes "*Longodds*" a jockey.—The one is as good, or as bad as the other.

Upon the whole, "Firſt Faults" is better than "Natural Faults;" but why ſhould I be denied the merit of the original idea, however faulty, and however altered for the beſt? I never denied Miſs De Camp the merit of the alteration.

I leave to the public to judge between us.

Before I conclude, I ſhall beg leave to obſerve, that the manuſcript copy which I have kept by me, and which I am ready to ſhow at any time, is deficient in one ſcene, in the third act. Through careleſſneſs, I have miſlaid it—but would not ſupply it in the publication, leſt it ſhould be ſaid that I have taken it from "Firſt Faults."—The laſt ſcene of the fifth act is alſo miſſing, and, *merely for the ſake*

of

of concluding the piece, I have recompoſed it, as far as my memory would ſerve me.

I beg pardon for taking up ſo much of the public's attention; but, if it be a *Fault*, I truſt it will be conſidered as a very *Natural* one.

WILLIAM EARLE, Jun.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PLAY,

AS INTENDED TO BE SPOKEN;

BUT, FOR PRIVATE REASONS, WITHHELD.

FAR from the buſtle of a buſy town,
Where dimpled Mirth the joyous ev'nings crown;
Where cheerful Health her blooming beauties keep,
And ev'ry care in rural breaſts are 'ſleep;
There, preſs'd by Virtue to her virgin breaſt,
Rears Innocence, her pure and ſpotleſs creſt;
Taught in the ſchools of Modeſty and Truth,
Suſpicion dwells not in her guileleſs youth.
Chaſte was her mind; ſo lovely to behold
Her perſon:—form'd in Nature's faireſt mould.
Luſt, the young god, the baſtard ſon of Love,
A-kin to wanton Pleaſure, here did rove;
Saw the ſweet maid, and, with a wanton ſmile,
Sought from her pleaſing paſtimes to beguile.
She, weak, and wanting knowledge of mankind,
He eaſy gain'd on her untutor'd mind;
Told her of pleaſure foreign to her home,
And ſoon ſeduc'd the maid from thence to roam.
Luſt, full of youth, and gifted to enſnare,
With breath as roſes ſweet, and form as fair;

A flatt'ring tongue, which had full oft betray'd,
Caught the ſoft heart of the deluded maid.
To live in courts, ſhe left her rural cot,
And early paſtimes of her life forgot;
She dwelt with Pleaſure, wanton'd in her train,
Till native Virtue did her ſeat regain.
Now, pale, ſhe on her lilly arm reclin'd,
And ſorrow'd for the home ſhe 'd left behind.
She wept; alas! ſhe wail'd the luckleſs hour,
Which had ſeduc'd her from her native bow'r.
No hope; but, claſp'd within the arms of Shame,
The blaſt of Scandal, reſting on her name.
Aid me, my Muſe! to prove this Nature's fault;
The mind unſully'd would at Vice revolt:
Unknowing how ſuch actions baſe to ſcan,
She plac'd implicit confidence in Man.
Ah! why ſo beauteous? why ſo fram'd for love?
The charming maiden can you then reprove?
Love in her boſom kindled the warm flame;
If 'twas a fault, ſhe ſcarcely was to blame.
Still, ere I go—*(going)*—one word I've got to ſay;
The Author, fearful you will damn his play,
Avows his motive was to gain a name,
And rank a youthful candidate for fame.
If in this wiſh, it prove his lot—to fail,
The *Nat'ral Fault* he ſurely muſt bewail.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cleaveland — —	Mr. DOWTON.
Lord Dorville (Lord Fallible)	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Seymour — —	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Chatter (Prater) — —	Mr. BANNISTER.
O'Neale — —	Mr. PALMER.
Sir Charles Cavendiſh (Sir Charles Careleſs) —	Mr. RUSSELL.
Worthy (Plodwell) —	Mr. MADDOCKS.
Laroon (Roland) —	Mr. WEWITZER.
Bailiff — — —	Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH.
Bettall (Longodds) —	Mr. SUETT.
John — — —	Mr. WEBB.
Lady Cavendiſh (Lady Careleſs)	Miſs BIGGS.
Emily (Emma) — —	Mrs. JORDAN.
Suſan (Tulip) — —	Miſs MELLON.
Mrs. Sanderſon — —	Mrs. WALCOTT.

ACT

ACT I.

SCENE THE FIRST.

LORD CAVENDISH'S *Houſe.*

Enter SUSAN *and* O'NEALE.

O'NEALE.

BY Jaſus! and my dear Suſan, you know I love you, or you would not take the advantage of me.

SUSAN.

Phogh! nonſenſe! But how came you to be turned away from Lord Dorville's?

O'NEALE.

For preſarving a good conſcience. Oh! by my ſoul! and it's as clear as a cryſtal ſtream; you know it is.

SUSAN.

Indeed, but I moſt grievouſly ſuſpect——

O'NEALE.

Oh! that Blarney ſhould be ſuſpected!

SUSAN.

—You of no leſs than robbing the houſe, or ſuch like.

O'NEALE.

And did you ſuſpect Blarney of holding ſo bad a heart?—By Jaſus! but Lord Dorville was very kind to me; and the devil burn my whole country! if Britiſh generoſity do not always attract and gain an an Iriſhman's gratitude!

SUSAN.

Then, why did he turn you away?

O'NEALE.

Becauſe I was honeſt—come, kiſs me, Suſan; be ſure to be ſecret, and I will tell you. You promiſe now, not to mention a ſingle word?

SUSAN.

Not a word. Oh! you know, if I promiſe, I can be dumb—come, begin; I long to hear.

O'NEALE.

Why! then, you muſt know———You'll be ſure to be ſecret?

SUSAN.

I won't mention a ſingle word.—I'm mum.

O'NEALE.

You muſt know, then, Lord Dorville comes to me, and ſo he ſays———By Jaſus! and you won't mention a word.——And ſo he ſays: Blarney, you are a good fellow, and have ſarved me faithfully.—And devil burn me, cried I, your Lordſhip has acted kindly by me; and I'll ſarve you honeſtly and faithfully, while poor Blarney has life.—And ſo, ſays he, I would employ you on a little buſineſs; and ſo, ſays I, that you might do. So ſays he, then, Blarney, ſays he, you muſt know, I am in love.—Ah! ſays I, your Lordſhip, and ſo is poor Blarney. You know I meant *you* all the time: I was thinking on you.

SUSAN.

Well! well! go on with your *ſays he's* and *ſays I's*.

O'NEALE.

Oh! by my ſoul! but be ſilent: you put me out; that is, you boder me. Let me ſee, where did I leave off?—At, ſays he, Blarney, I am in love; and, with this, he begins telling me all his rigmarolle ſtory over and over again; and, by my ſoul! if he did not leave off where he began!

SUSAN.

How do you mean? leave off where he began! where was that?

O'NEALE.

By my ſoul! but he concluded with telling me he

was in love: now he began with telling me the ſame thing!

SUSAN.

And is this the mighty ſecret? Why! I'll blab it to the firſt I meet, and no harm either.

O'NEALE.

You put me out; I wiſh you would but hear me.

SUSAN.

Don't come carneying me over, with this tale about Lord Dorville's love-nonſenſe.

O'NEALE.

Zounds and boder! why! you put me out; do but hear me. And ſo, ſays he, Blarney, I am in love with Miſs Emma Cleaveland, daughter to the old diſabled ſoldier Cleaveland, you know; and a fine old fellow he is! And ſo, ſays he, Blarney, I would be for running away with her from her father's fuſty old cot.

SUSAN.

Why! you baſe man! to propagate ſo baſe a ſtory about ſo good a maſter! and who, pray, now will believe this trumpery ſtory? for, every one knows that Lord Dorville is a very religious, good, ſober ſort of a man.

O'NEALE.

Now, upon my ſoul, 'tis true.—And ſo, ſays I, now, don't, your Lordſhip, I pray you; don't make

Blarney

Blarney O'Neale a raſcal, by employing him in ſo ſcandalous a piece of buſineſs.

SUSAN.

So then, you refuſed?

O'NEALE.

I did: upon my ſoul, I did. Now, kiſs me.—No, ſays I, your Lordſhip, Blarney O'Neale will be a good and faithful ſarvant, all his life: but he will not turn raſcal to pleaſe the beſt maſter in Chriſtendom. Fool! dolt! he cried, it is with her own conſent. But, ſays I, is it with the conſent of old Cleaveland? if not, I would not run away with her for the world: for, I had a father, and I know what 'tis to ſee grey hairs ſorrow.

SUSAN.

Why, that was well ſaid.

O'NEALE.

Aye, was n't it now? was n't it well ſaid?—ſo, with that, he ſhook me by the collar, and ſeemed ready to trottle me.

SUSAN.

And he turned you away?

O'NEALE.

Yes; but, ſays I, your Lordſhip, you have acted very kindly by me; and devil burn me, if Blarney O'Neale will ever act ſo raſcally as to run away with your miſtreſs, though you do deſire it.

SUSAN.

SUSAN.

And you are ſure that this tale is true?

O'NEALE.

Every word of it, upon my honour; and now won't you give me a kiſs?

SUSAN.

What! as a reward for your nonſenſe?

O'NEALE.

Oh! but, my ſoul, it may be nonſenſe; but, I pray you, not to ſay a word about it to living ſoul breathing.

LADY CAVENDISH *(without)*.

Suſan! Suſan!

SUSAN.

Hark! my Lady calls; come, good bye, O'Neale.

O'NEALE.

Oh! good bye to you; bleſſings on your ſweet pretty little heart! give me a parting kiſs, and be ſure you do not blab.

SUSAN.

Depend upon it, I will obſerve a ſtrict ſilence.

O'NEALE.

And do now be careful and ſecret as I am.

Exeunt.

SCENE THE SECOND.

Enter LADY CAVENDISH *and* SUSAN.

SUSAN.

And Lord, ma'am! I could tell you ſuch a tale! it was told me as a very great ſecret.

LADY CAVENDISH.

And as ſuch you ſhould reſpect it then.

SUSAN.

I am ſure you would like to hear it—it's about Lord Dorville, the good, the wiſe, the amiable Lord Dorville.

LADY CAVENDISH.

It can be nothing to his diſhonour. If it is, 'tis an idle tale, and much to the diſcredit of thoſe that propagate it.

SUSAN.

Why then, I'll tell your Ladyſhip all about it. You muſt know, that ———

Enter SERVANT.

Mr. Seymour.

LADY CAVENDISH.

My brother! ſhew him up.

SUSAN.

SUSAN.

Always ſomebody to interrupt me; I never began a ſtory yet, but in pops John, with Mr. ſo and ſo, ma'am; and then, my ſtory's dropt. I ſhall die of vexation, if I don't get ſomebody to liſten to me.

Exit.

Enter SEYMOUR.

SEYMOUR.

My dear ſiſter, how glad I am to ſee you!

LADY CAVENDISH.

My brother! but what brings you to town?

SEYMOUR.

A rambling diſpoſition. I ſaw a girl in the country, whom I loved to diſtraction.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Well! and I ſuppoſe you meant to marry her: but ſhe loved another, eh? Seymour.

SEYMOUR.

Nay, not quite ſo bad as that, ſiſter; I would not have married her.—

LADY CAVENDISH.

What! brother! love a girl, and not marry her!

SEYMOUR.

No; for ſhe was a poor ignorant country-girl.

LADY

LADY CAVENDISH.

Brother, you miſconſtrue innocence for ignorance. Oh fie, fie, fie! to ſeduce the unſuſpecting girl! but I hope you did not ſucceed.

SEYMOUR.

Nay, ſiſter, not ſo innocent as you think her, neither: for, this girl fled from her father.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Shame of you, brother! what ſorrow muſt you bring on her father's head!

SEYMOUR.

Why! hey day! you fly away with notions, ere I have time to tell my tale.

LADY CAVENDISH.

What puniſhment is too great for that man who wounds an aged heart?

SEYMOUR.

Well, but, ſiſter———

LADY CAVENDISH.

Not a word, brother: for, you cannot utter one to exculpate yourſelf.

SEYMOUR.

She did not run away from her father with me: I am come in purſuit of her.

LADY CAVENDISH.

No! how is it then?

SEYMOUR.

Why, I'll tell you. I made love to her, but I was a rough, untutor'd bear, and ſhe rejected me. But Lord Dorville was more ſucceſsful; ſhe returned him love for love.

LADY CAVENDISH.

What! Lord Dorville, brother? you aſtoniſh me.

SEYMOUR.

Siſter, 'tis even ſo; and ſhe found means to elope with him.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Elope with Lord Dorville?

SEYMOUR.

With the ſage and wiſe Lord Dorville; a miracle of virtue; one who deteſts the barbarian crime of ſeduction; one who ſpurns the black and damn'd idea.

LADY CAVENDISH.

And who is the vain ridiculous creature?

SEYMOUR.

No other than Emily Cleaveland, daughter to the old ſoldier. But now, ſiſter, on your life, not a word; for, Dorville is my moſt particular friend, and I would not have it buzzed about.

CLEAVELAND *(without)*.

I will go up—ſtand off——

SEYMOUR.

Hark! who 's without? Cleaveland, as I live!

CLEAVELAND *(enters)*.

Give me my daughter; give me up my daughter; an old man's curſes light upon your head! give me up my daughter, I ſay.

SEYMOUR.

Softly, Mr. Cleaveland, I know nothing about your daughter.

CLEAVELAND.

You do; you ſtole her from my arms; you planted the thorn of ſorrow in my heart. Oh! may my curſes follow you to the grave! Oh! I could rend the air with my affliction, for the diſgrace ſhe has brought upon my head.

SEYMOUR.

Mr. Cleaveland, believe me, I know nothing of your daughter.

CLEAVELAND.

Try not with the afflictions of an old man; on my knees, let me beſeech you, reſtore her to my arms! Oh! you know not the miſery I endure without her. If you knew, you would not be ſo cruel, to rob me of the only pleaſure I have in life.

SEYMOUR.

Indeed, I am ſorry, very ſorry, Mr. Cleaveland; but, on my honour, ſhe eloped not with me.

CLEAVELAND.

May you have a daughter, lovely as Emily; and, in your old age, may ſhe be torn from your arms! Oh! then, will you know the agonies I have undergone; then, will you find what a curſe is beauty; for, had not my Emily been the grace of her ſex, ſhe would not have been torn from me, and I had not been miſerable. Heaven! ſhower down your curſes on the villain, be he who he may!

LADY CAVENDISH.

Brother, can you ſee his miſery, and not be moved? Make him acquainted with the perpetrator of the crime.

SEYMOUR.

Siſter, ſiſter, my honour is engaged.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Then, act honourably, and tell this good old man. Sir, 'tis Lord Dorville with whom your daughter has eloped.

SEYMOUR.

Lady Cavendiſh, what are you about?

CLEAVELAND.

Lord Dorville!

SEYMOUR.

'Tis even ſo; Lord Dorville.

CLEAVELAND.

Where is he? let me ſeek him out. Can you not inform me? Heaven's bleſſings light on you, good Lady; for thus, in part, relieving the anguiſh of an old man's heart!

SEYMOUR.

Come, Mr. Cleaveland, follow me, then. I will give you my aſſiſtance in the ſearch for your daughter.

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Enter LAROON *and* JOHN.

LAROON.

COME, come; buſtle, buſtle, den. My maſter be come. Vat you at, you lazy dog? do not you ſee me tired? ride all night, journeying with one lady, whom my maſter loves? Begar! me wiſh he would regarder my poor bones.

JOHN.

What, Monſieur! grumble!

LAROON.

For what, me not grumble, when me be tir'd?

JOHN.

Why! becauſe you adviſ'd my maſter to run away with the young lady; and your bones ought to ſuffer for the badneſs of your heart.

LAROON.

LAROON.

Vat dat you ſay? You be de fool, de Engliſh fool. You know not how to gain the good name of your maſter.

JOHN.

No; becauſe I'm honeſt, and deſpiſe the good name of my maſter, when acquired by initiating in the vices of the age.

LAROON.

Morbleu! vat you mean? you inſult me, John. You have no vit, no underſtanding, you eat too much beef.

JOHN.

D'ye ſee, Monſieur? I'm plain and blunt, and know the feelings of a father's breaſt, when he's robbed of his daughter. I reſpect old age too much, to make it miſerable.

LAROON.

Ah! now, John; now, you be vone fool!

JOHN.

Better be an Engliſh fool, than a French knave, Monſieur!

LAROON.

You may have de full belly, but de empty pocket, John.—If you were ſervile, obedient to de maſter,

as I am, you would proſper better. I do adminiſter to his pleaſures; I do adviſe him in his difficulties; and ———

JOHN.

And don't care how many ſouls you make miſerable, ſo you put a guinea in your own pocket.

LAROON.

No, no; not ſo. I do like my maſter, and do wiſh to ſee him happy; and, if he ſee de pretty girl, and he love her, you know 'tis my place to procure her.

JOHN.

And then to deſerve the name of pander.

LAROON.

No, no; not ſo. My maſter love de Miſs Emily. I adviſe him, by all means, run away with her. I adviſed, he conſented; he wanted means—it being my place dat to de maſter noting ſhould be wanting, I procured means; and ſo, after a tedious travel, ve ſmack our whip, and here we be merry; for, the prize be our own, and we deſerve it for our trouble. We leave de cot, were her fader dwell, and dis be de grand houſe of Mrs. Sanderſon.

JOHN.

And this you call ſerving your maſter! Let me tell you, Monſieur, you were injuring him, wronging him of the title he bore, of being a good man.

When he returns to reaſon, for this, he muſt hate you; for this, he muſt deteſt you.

LAROON.

Phogh! phogh? nonſenſe! Diable, my maſter have vat he like, without conſulting ſuch booby.

JOHN.

Booby, Monſieur! I thank God, this head's too thick to learn to copy your French vices.

LAROON.

Vat! you tink ever to touch de Englis guinea?

JOHN.

No; I never will; if only to procure it, by being a pander to my maſter, Monſieur. A ſhilling, honeſtly got, and you can ſit down with it in your pocket, with a quiet conſcience, is ten times preferable, for the heart's eaſe, to a guinea got, when you muſt ſhudder at the getting.

LAROON.

Vat dat conſcience, you talk about?

JOHN.

Conſcience is the director of all our actions, and diſcriminates them all, with the intentions of our hearts; awares us of the crime of the one, and the virtue of the other.—This conſcience may not be known by Frenchmen.—But, let me tell you, Monſieur, there's no Engliſhman, if he acts amiſs, but knows the retort of conſcience.

LAROON.

Hugh! de Engliſh be de fools. Conſcience, indeed! nonſenſe! which Frenchmen know noting 'tall about.

JOHN.

Better if they did, Monſieur. It would be more to their honour.—An Engliſhman always ſhows reſpect to a good man, be he of what nation he will.

LAROON.

Dey have de great head, but little wit.

JOHN.

Ah! Monſieur, and may my head be maſter of as little wit, as it is honeſt! No, Sir; I boaſt an Engliſh heart, uncorrupted by the vile artifices of a French pander. So, Monſieur, good day.

Exit.

LAROON.

Ah! good day. You be von fool, not know own int'reſt. Diable! dis bete.—When de guinea in his graſp, kick it from him. Oh, diable! diable! vat fool! vat fool!—Holloa dere! prepare for my maſter; Lord Dorville be come, and de young lady.—Mrs. Sanderſon! Mrs. Sanderſon! vere is de apartment for my Lor, Mrs. Sanderſon?

Exit.

SCENE

SCENE THE SECOND.

Enter EMILY *and* LORD DORVILLE.

DORVILLE.

Come, my Emily—Emily.

EMILY.

I am very weary.

DORVILLE.

Be ſeated, my dear girl. 'Twas a weariſome journey. There, reſt thee, my gentle love.

EMILY.

And ſo far from my father's home! I never was ſo far before.

DORVILLE.

Well, my Emily; you was not always to live with that father, though he was kind.—I love you to diſtraction: I doat on you.

EMILY.

But would you had aſked the conſent of my father, he would not have refuſed me your love.

DORVILLE.

Ah! had we thought of that! but now, my Emily, it is, indeed, too late.

Enter LAROON.

LAROON.

My Lor! my Lor!

DORVILLE.

How now?—how comes this abrupt intruſion?

LAROON.

I have one letter for my Lor.

DORVILLE. *(Reads.)*

Damnation! he knows I am in town. Away! tell him, I'll wait on him immediately.

LAROON.

I will obey my Lor's commands punctual.

Exit.

DORVILLE.

And now, my Emily, a little buſineſs calls me ſome hours from you; but I will ſoon return. Yes, I will ſoon be with you; for, a ſingle hour's abſence from Emily, to me is an age.

EMILY.

Is the buſineſs ſo urgent, that, immediately you enter town, you are forced to leave it?

DORVILLE.

'Tis even ſo; a trifling affair, but 'twill not laſt me long; depend on't, Emily; I will ſoon return.

EMILY.

EMILY.

Well! I acquieſce in quiet.

DORVILLE.

This is my houſe, my Emily; call, and, in my abſence, you have ſervants to attend on you. Nothing ſhall be wanting to make you happy. Every thing ſhall be ready at your command.

EMILY.

Oh! you are very good. I have but one thing wanting. O! give me that, and I am yours. Yes, I long to ſee my venerable father.—Sometimes, I paint to myſelf the tears trickling down his furrowed cheeks.

DORVILLE.

And he ſhall ſoon be here. Cleaveland, your father, ſhall ſoon join us. Yes, my Emily, that alone is wanting, and not wanting long.

EMILY.

Oh! my father, how can he pardon my abandoning his houſe?

DORVILLE.

Now, do, my Emily, reſt contented.—Laroon! Laroon! Laroon!

Enter LAROON.

LAROON.

My Lor!—vat your commands?

DORVILLE *(whiſpers)*.

To all enquiries Emily may make, be ſure to inform her this is my houſe; and give the ſame intimation to all who may attend upon her.

LAROON.

Vat my Lor commands, I obey.

DORVILLE.

And, Laroon, prepare the carriage; for, I muſt journey inſtantly.

LAROON.

Vat! prepare de carriage! Oh! my Lor, vere you travel? Morbleu! my bones be ſtill ſore, and, O diable! diable!

DORVILLE.

Begone inſtantly, and do as I command.

LAROON.

My Lor, I obey.

DORVILLE.

And haſte with all ſpeed.

LAROON.

Diable! poor Laroon's bones!

Exit.

DORVILLE.

Adieu, my Emily: I will make my ſtay but ſhort.

Exit.

EMILY.

EMILY.

Adieu! and now, Dorville, we never meet here again, never. Yes, I will fly to my father, fly to his arms, and, if he can but forgive me, I ſhall once more be happy.—Oh! how muſt I upbraid myſelf, for flying from his home, for deſerting him in his age!

Exit.

SCENE THE THIRD.

Enter SIR CHARLES *and* LADY CAVENDISH.

SIR CHARLES.

Well, my dear! you know my propenſity to gaming, and why will you torment me?

LADY CAVENDISH.

Who has a right to inſpect your affairs? Much as I have, I bear your misfortunes with more than common patience. I am ſure this betting will be your ruin.

SIR CHARLES.

Indeed, my dear, you know nothing about it. I have now upwards of ſeventeen thouſand on my books won—and don't owe above ſix or eight.

LADY

LADY CAVENDISH.

How comes it that your eſtates are mortgaged, if this is the caſe?

SIR CHARLES.

Becauſe I wanted ready money, and thoſe friends that owe it me, could not favour me. But it's ſafe. Oh! ſafe as the Bank of England. I ſhall certainly have it.—Oh! no doubt, no doubt.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Sir Charles, I fear you'll ſee your error, when too late.

SIR CHARLES.

Why, now; there's Bettall. Let me ſee, I owe him ſix thouſand pounds; but then, there's my friend Playfair owes me eight: ſo there it goes, you ſee. Let me ſee, I have another wager of four thouſand pounds with Bettall; aye, that I'm ſure to win.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Bettall, Sir.

SIR CHARLES.

There; here he comes, my dear; I have won the wager, and he's come to pay me.

LADY CAVENDISH.

The odious fellow! I deteſt his preſence: give me leave to retire.

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

Well! if ſo, be it ſo. But, my dear, Bettall's punctual, always to pay as to receive.

LADY CAVENDISH.

And to receive as pay———

Exit.

Enter BETTALL.

BETTALL.

Ah! Sir Charles! My old boy! well, how d'ye do?

SIR CHARLES.

My dear friend Bettall! well, how is it? Now, tell me, how was the wager decided? Who won?

BETTALL.

Ah! it grieves me to tell; but I have loſt a deal of money.

SIR CHARLES.

Then I have won.

BETTALL.

I wiſh you had; for, I have loſt moſt confoundedly. No, Bob won, Bob won.

SIR CHARLES.

The devil he did!

BETTALL.

Yes, yes.

SIR CHARLES.

Why, that's unluckly.

BETTALL.

Very ſo, very ſo, indeed. And, Sir Charles, as I ſhall want a little ready; for, you know, I'm always punctual, I would be obliged to you, if you would diſcharge the debt. Let me ſee, there was ſix thouſand before; and four thouſand now. Hum!

SIR CHARLES.

Well, but, my dear fellow, has not Bob Playfair paid you? You know he owed me eight thouſand pounds.

BETTALL.

Phogh! What! don't ye know?

SIR CHARLES.

Know what?

BETTALL.

I am exceedingly ſorry for poor Bob; but it's all over with Bob; he's done up.

SIR CHARLES.

Done up!

BETTALL.

Yes; he's a bankrupt; has not two pence to pay his way.

SIR CHARLES.

How curſt unfortunate!

BETTALL.

Yes; is not it very unfortunate?

SIR CHARLES.

Then, there is Harry Sharpwit! he owes me ſix thouſand: that juſt cancels our firſt debt.

BETTALL.

Pſhaw! why, you are a joking! Why, don't ye know what's become of Sharpwit?

SIR CHARLES.

How am I to know? Why, nothing has happened to him.

BETTALL.

Phogh! Why, he's diſh'd. It's all over with him. He was caught playing with falſe dice; ſo, was trundled out of the window; he has ſince died of the wounds he received: but, Lord? you know this.

SIR CHARLES.

Be aſſured I did not. Why, then, to tell you the truth, I cannot diſcharge your debt now, but will the firſt opportunity.

BETTALL.

I tell you what, Sir Charles, I muſt have the money before I ſtir out of the room.

SIR CHARLES.

Upon my ſoul! you will not; for, I have not ſo much in the houſe; nor the tenth part.

BETTALL.

So, then, you won't pay me.

SIR CHARLES.

I cannot; ſo, importune me no longer.

BETTALL.

Oh! very well, then.—Here, below; deſire thoſe gentlemen to walk up.

Enter BAILIFFS.

There, there's your priſoner.

SIR CHARLES.

How? What do you mean by this?

BETTALL.

Take him. I ſee him ſafe in your cuſtody: ſo, now I leave you, Sir Charles. I would not wiſh to diſtreſs you; but, upon my ſoul, can't help it.

Exit.

BAILIFF.

Come, Sir, you muſt come along with us.

SIR CHARLES.

Perfidious ſcoundrel! *Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Enter MRS. SANDERSON *and* EMILY.

MRS. SANDERSON.

YES, Ma'am; theſe elegant apartments all belong to Lord Dorville, and were finiſhed under his immediate inſpection, and decorated by his order to the preſent fanciful poſition.

EMILY.

I will be obliged to you now to leave me to myſelf.

MRS. SANDERSON.

Certainly, Ma'am———

Exit.

EMILY.

There is an air of myſtery throughout the entire conduct of the whole houſe. This woman takes on her more of the miſtreſs than the ſervant.—Oh! would I had never left my father.

BETTALL *(without)*.

Damme! but you ſha'n't bamboozle me though. What right has any perſon in my apartments? *(Enters)*—Holloa! who the devil have we here? a nice wench!—Hum! d'ye do, Ma'am?

EMILY.

Sir, did you want Lord Dorville? He is not here, Sir, indeed.

BETTALL.

Who the devil expected to find him here?

EMILY.

Oh! then you———

BETTALL.

But, pray, Ma'am, may I be ſo bold to aſk what it is you want with me?

EMILY.

Me! Sir? Nothing, be aſſured I want nothing.

BETTALL.

Oh! oh! hum! yes, Ma'am, I did want Lord Dorville. But, as he's not here, Ma'am, and—— Hark! ſomebody's a coming. You had better retire, Ma'am, to the room, at the end of the gallery, and lock yourſelf in.

EMILY.

Sir, I thank you, I will immediately.

Exit.

Enter

Enter MRS. SANDERSON, *crying.*

MRS. SANDERSON.

I told you, Mr. Bettall, that I did not expect you, and I did let your lodgings; but only for a week.

BETTALL.

Be quiet; hold your ſnivelling.

MRS. SANDERSON.

Indeed, it was only for a week.

BETTALL.

Be quiet, woman. So you got a young—— Hum! They'll be here preſently to ſearch your houſe.

MRS. SANDERSON.

Oh Lord! Mr. Bettall, don't alarm me.

BETTALL.

Come, come; don't pipe your eye: here, leave off your whining, or I'll blow you.

MRS. SANDERSON.

Oh! Mr. Bettall.

BETTALL.

Damme! we ſhall have you done up.

MRS. SANDERSON.

Why! I know nothing about 'em. I let 'em my lodgings, but I don't know who they are.

BETTALL.

Hark! what noiſe is that? upon my ſoul, they're coming!

Enter SEYMOUR *and* CLEAVELAND.

CLEAVELAND.

Where is Lord Dorville?

BETTALL *(aſide to Mrs. Sanderſon)*.

Swear you don't know him.

MRS. SANDERSON.

Lord Dorville! indeed, I don't know him, Sir.

SEYMOUR.

Ah! Mr. Bettall, how do you do?

BETTALL.

Ah! Mr. Seymour.

SEYMOUR.

Have you not a young lady in theſe apartments, brought here by Lord Dorville?

BETTALL.

No, upon my ſoul, no. Theſe apartments are my own. You have ſeen no young lady, Mrs. Sanderſon, have you? (Swear it, or I'll blow you.) *Aſide.*

MRS.

MRS. SANDERSON.

No, indeed, Sir, I have not ſeen any perſon here, but Mr. Bettall himſelf.

CLEAVELAND.

She muſt, ſhe muſt, ſhe muſt be here. I'll ſearch every room; I'll tear the houſe down; but I'll find her. Where is my daughter, my Emily?

SEYMOUR.

Do, my good friend, be cool.

CLEAVELAND.

Who can be calm, when their ſouls are agonized? Can the veſſel ride ſmooth in the tempeſt-torn ſea? My whole ſoul is bent by conflicting paſſions. Oh! my daughter! my Emily! my loſt, abandoned Emily!

SEYMOUR.

Indeed, Mr. Cleaveland, you are too boiſterous.

CLEAVELAND.

Oh! have I not cauſe to curſe the firſt hour I was born?

BETTALL.

Indeed, Gentlemen, if you will take my word for it, there is no lady here; and more, Lord Dorville has not been here.

CLEAVELAND.

Are you ſure? for, oh! play not with the feelings of an old man, whoſe heart is almoſt broke.

BETTALL *(aſide)*.

Come, ſpeak to him; ſend him away.—

MRS. SANDERSON.

Indeed, Sir, Lord Dorville, nor any lady has been here.

CLEAVELAND.

Well! come, do not let us tarry, but fly to ſeek my daughter. You have promiſed your aſſiſtance, and I demand it.

SEYMOUR.

My aſſiſtance you ſhall have, and may we proſper!

Exeunt.

BETTALL.

Old one—I ſay, old one—mind, keep her here, till I come back. I ſay, don't let her go away, or, damn me! I'll blow you. I'll do your buſineſs.

Exit.

MRS. SANDERSON.

Oh! Mr. Bettall, you may depend on me. Oh, Lord! Lord! Lord! what have I eſcaped!

Exit.

SCENE

SCENE THE SECOND.

Enter LADY CAVENDISH *and* DORVILLE.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Lord Dorville! I am ſurprized at you.

DORVILLE.

You know——Where is Seymour? Let me ſee him. Oh! Emily! Emily!

LADY CAVENDISH.

Ceaſe your importunities, Sir. I know nothing of my brother, Seymour, nor of Emily Cleaveland: but I have ſeen old Cleaveland.—Have ſeen deſpair ſeated on his venerable forehead, ſorrow for the loſs of his child, of his Emily. Oh! how have you to hate yourſelf, for thus wronging the aged heart of that good old man!

DORVILLE.

Diſtraction! I love his daughter.

LADY CAVENDISH.

No, Sir; you do not love her; or you would not have made her miſerable.

DORVILLE.

Miſerable! I! made her miſerable! Oh! Lady

Cavendiſh, I beſeech you, tell me where ſhe is; let me fly to her.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Lord Dorville, once more, I tell you I do not know. I ſuſpected ſhe was with you ſtill.

DORVILLE.

Oh! no; ſhe's gone, left me, fled, I know not whither.

LADY CAVENDISH.

If you loved, how could you deſert her?

DORVILLE.

Deſert her! Oh! diſtraction! Lady Cavendiſh, do not torment me; do not, I beſeech you.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Had you but made Cleaveland acquainted with your love for his daughter, and honourably made propoſals of marriage, all this would have been avoided.

DORVILLE.

Oh! torment! torment!

LADY CAVENDISH.

Well have you to upbraid yourſelf! Well may you ſtamp, and fret, being the occaſion of ſo much miſchief! Lord Dorville, may this be a leſſon to you! May this teach you how to feel for the miſeries

ſeries of others! You fret, but for Miſs Emily, whom you love. How much more ſo muſt Cleaveland, for his daughter loſt?

DORVILLE.

My words choak me; my griefs are paſt utterance. Oh! this is right; this is right; I ſhould feel the horrors of a guilty conſcience, for betraying the confidence of the good old Cleaveland. Wretch that I am! Why am I ſuffered to exiſt? Heaven! pour down your ſhafts againſt me! hurl deſtruction at my devoted head!

LADY CAVENDISH.

And are you really inſenſible where the wretched Emily is?

DORVILLE.

I was called away from her, but a ſhort time; took my leave, and promiſed that I would quickly return. I haſtened my buſineſs, I ſettled, and drove home to where I had left her; and, when I enquired for her, the anſwer was, ſhe had left the houſe a ſhort time after my departure: ſhe went with her father, was the reply.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Indeed, it is but a ſhort time ſince Seymour and he went in ſearch of her, but returned unſucceſsful.

DORVILLE.

Where is Cleaveland?

LADY CAVENDISH.

Indeed, I know not.

DORVILLE.

Why are you ſo unkind? you ſurely know. On my knees, let me beſeech you to tell. Yet, how can I look him in the face, whom I have ſo much injured?—Oh! Cleaveland, how I dread, and yet wiſh to ſee you! Miſerable man that I am!

LADY CAVENDISH.

How little fortitude is guilt poſſeſſed of! it cannot look its accuſer in the face.

DORVILLE.

How much is man, vain man, deceived by falſe appearances! When the idea firſt flaſhed acroſs my brain, hope illumined my whole ſoul. I bleſſed my lucky ſtars, and thought me ſure of her I loved. But now, the ſcene's reverſed; now is the ſcene changed, the picture turned ſhows me the object of my affections farther from my graſp than ever.

Exit.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Thus we ſee how deluſive is vice: ſhe paints, at firſt, the object of your want, by the ſlighteſt ſtroke attainable, leads you into intricacies, brings diſgrace upon your name, then leaves you to extricate yourſelf by the means of deceit and lying.

Exit.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE THE FIRST.

A Deſk.

COUNSELLORS WORTHY *and* CHATTER.

WORTHY.

NOW, do; pray, Mr. Chatter; for once, be attentive. You know the precarious ſituation of Sir Charles Cavendiſh. Now do, once for all, be attentive.

CHATTER.

Why, I am, I am; don't you ſee I am? There, that's it—now—*(reading)*—whether Sir Charles Cavendiſh's eſtates are "to be, or not to be," eh! I think I know that. Hum! that's familiar. Don't ye know it, Mr. Worthy? a quotation! Shakſpeare—Hamlet—Hem!—"to be or not to be."—What! do ye diſpute, my dear fellow? the book's at hand—"to be, or not to be"—I'll go fetch it—Shakſpeare.——

Exit.

WORTHY.

WORTHY.

I never can get the man to mind his buſineſs. He's always after his quotations, and his plays. Nonſenſe, nonſenſe! to make him a lawyer!

CHATTER *(entering)*.

Here it is, my dear fellow, here it is!—" to be, or not to be, that is the queſtion; whether"—

WORTHY.

Mr Chatter, will you make out the deeds, or not? —You know Sir Charles's affairs are in a trembling ſituation.

CHATTER.

" Alas! his gentle Nature was not made to buffet with adverſity."—

WORTHY.

True; you ſee his preſent ſituation drives him almoſt to madneſs. Come, come, and lend me your aſſiſtance, to clear the accounts.

CHATTER.

" My head grows giddy. Oh! that I were mad!
Madneſs brings eaſe; reaſon, reaſon alone
Feels ſorrow; folly and madneſs are exempt.
No ſtate of human life is to be envied,
But lunacy and folly. None can be happy
Who can feel pain; to want the ſenſe to grieve
Is the beſt meaſure of felicity."

WORTHY.

WORTHY.

Mr. Chatter, without you are more attentive, I certainly muſt leave you.

CHATTER.

" My ſoul is wrapt in dreadful expectaiton,
And liſtens to thee as if Fate were ſpeaking."

WORTHY.

Why, then, I pray you, now proceed to buſineſs.

CHATTER.

" Buſineſs, which dares the joys of Kings invade,
——————— The day was made
To number out the hours of buſy men;
Let them be buſy ſtill, and ſtill be wretched,
And take their fill of anxious drudging day."

WORTHY.

Why, really, Mr. Chatter, I think you are mad.

CHATTER.

" ——————— Mad as the winds,
When for the empire of the main they ſtrive."

WORTHY.

Why, Mr. Chatter!

CHATTER.

" There, in a den, remov'd from human eyes,
Poſſeſs'd with Muſe the brain-ſick Poet lies,

Too miſerably wretched to be nam'd.
For Plays, for Heroes, and for Paſſion fam'd,
Thoughtleſs, he raves his ſleepleſs hours away,
In chains all night, in darkneſs all the day;
And, if he gets ſome intervals from pain,
The fit returns, he foams, and bites his chain;
His eye-balls roll, and he grows mad again."

WORTHY.

Why, Mr. Chatter! Mr. Chatter! I really muſt leave you.

CHATTER.

My dear Mr. Worthy, I hope you'll excuſe me.

WORTHY.

Then, do, ſit you down, and write.

CHATTER.

I will, my dear Mr. Worthy, I will.

WORTHY.

There now, that's right; better than ſuch ſtuff as you was running on with.

CHATTER.

Mr. Worthy, is Sir Charles very rich?

WORTHY.

Rich! why I expect to find him as poor as a church mouſe.

CHATTER.

CHATTER *(ſtarts up)*.

" Laws bear the name, but money has the power:
The cauſe is bad, whence is the client poor.
Thoſe ſtrict-liv'd men, that ſeem above our world,
Are oft too modeſt, to reſiſt our gold:
So judgement, like our other wares, is ſold;
And the grave knight that nods upon the laws,
Wak'd by a fee, hems, and approves the cauſe."

WORTHY.

Mr. Chatter, will you, or will you not attend to your buſineſs? Why will you peſter me with your ridiculous nonſenſe? Zounds! bye-and-bye, you'll drive me mad as yourſelf.

CHATTER.

" What charms hath ſorrow in that face?
Sorrow ſeems pleas'd to dwell with ſo much ſweetneſs.
Yet, now and then, a melancholy ſmile
Breaks out, like lightning, in a Winter night,
And ſhows a moment's day."

WORTHY.

Mr. Chatter, we muſt part. I muſt to Weſtminſter-Hall; ſo, farewell!

Exit.

CHATTER.

" Adieu then! Oh! my ſoul! far better part—
Thy image ſticks ſo cloſe,
That the blood follows from my rending heart."

Exit.

SCENE THE SECOND.

LORD DORVILLE *at a Table.*

DORVILLE.

How am I diſtracted! my mind agonized by deſpair! Cleaveland, thou art not the only ſufferer. I am as miſerable as man can be. Laroon! Laroon! *(riſes)* deſperation heats every fibre of my frame.—Laroon!—

LAROON.

Vat! my maſter call?

DORVILLE.

Here, take this letter.—And, d'ye hear?—I ſhall not be back to-night.

LAROON.

Vat! my maſter not be back?—My Lor!

DORVILLE.

Away, and leave me. I have no time to hear you.

LAROON.

Vat my Lor mean? Shall not Laroon attend you?

DORVILLE.

Thou haſt attended me too far—to the gulph of deſperacy. 'Tis thou, thou, by thy infernal advice, haſt drove

drove me to the deed. 'Tis thou haſt brought ſhame on me.—'Tis thou haſt been my abettor.—You drove me to rob the daughter from the father.—You, by your infernal ſtratagem to ruin others, robbed me of my peace; and I alone muſt ſuffer.

LAROON.

My Lor! my Lor! do not trottle poor Laroon.

DORVILLE.

Away! Leave me.

LAROON.

I will obey, my Lor.

DORVILLE.

Oh! to what a pitch of madneſs I am drove! If there is a hell, there can be no tortures equal to the agonies of a guilty mind.—Laroon! Laroon!

LAROON.

My Lor!

DORVILLE.

Stay there; if any one ſhould enquire for me, tell them I ſhall ſoon return.

LAROON.

I will obey, my Lor: but when will my Lor return?

DORVILLE.

Never. *Exit.*

LAROON.

LAROON.

By gar! poor Laroon be von miſerable diable.—Near be choak'd by my Lor!—Oh! mon Dieu! mon Dieu!

Exit.

SCENE THE THIRD.

Enter LADY CAVENDISH, SEYMOUR, *and* O'NEALE.

O'NEALE.

Yes, by my ſoul! theſe two blackguard dogs dragg'd him along, through the ſtreet, as if they were taking with them I don't know what all. Says I, my maſter! give me leave to knock theſe blackguards down. But, ſays he, no, O'Neale they are ſheriff's officers. And ſo, ſays I, you won't let me knock 'em down. I was for rolling them in the kennel, d'ye ſee; but, ſays maſter, go and tell Lady Cavendiſh; and ſo, d'ye ſee, I am ſorry to give your Ladyſhip pain, by telling you of maſter's misfortune.

SEYMOUR.

O'Neale, you are a faithful fellow; and ſhall not go unrewarded.

LADY

LADY CAVENDISH.

But, my dear Seymour, pray adviſe me what is to be done on the occaſion.

SEYMOUR.

Why, I'll haſten to him immediately, and get bail.

O'NEALE.

And I would wiſh you to make haſte; for, I am afraid my maſter is miſerably ill uſed by ſuch dirty blackguards.

LADY CAVENDISH.

To ſee you thus intereſted for your maſter, O'Neale, to me is a pleaſure.

O'NEALE.

Oh! my good Lady, if O'Neale did not love his maſter, he would be an ungrateful blackguard.

SEYMOUR.

Well, ſiſter, depend upon it, we will extricate him as ſoon as poſſible. But, O'Neale, do you know who it is arreſted him?

O'NEALE.

Oh! aye, your honour, I think they ſaid ſomething about the ſuit of ——— what the devil's his name? Oh! your honour, his name is Bettall.

SEYMOUR.

SEYMOUR.

Bettall! as great a raſcal as ever was born: known at every gambling-houſe as a common ſwindler; and he ſtill is courted by all our gentry!—Well may we exclaim: *O tempora! O mores!*

LADY CAVENDISH.

Why, he was here this very morning; and then, Sir Charles was praiſing him to me as a very good man. Brother, I knew him to be a ſcoundrel; but Sir Charles was blind to his deceit and villainy.

O'NEALE.

And Oh! by the Holy Virgin! I wiſh I had ſeen him. I would have given him as complete a dreſſing as ever he had in all his whole life before, I promiſe him that.

SEYMOUR.

If there is a villain on earth, that man is he. A noted ſwindler; and how Sir Charles ſhould be blind to his ill name is moſt aſtoniſhing, as it is ſo public, that not one that handles the dice but what very well knows the noted Mr. Bettall.

O'NEALE.

Oh! by my ſoul! and let me catch him; and if my maſter ſhould not know him again, I'd mark him.

SEYMOUR.

Ha! ha! ha! well, ſiſter, farewel. I'll haſte to him. Come, O'Neale, follow me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE THE FOURTH.

A Spunging-Houſe.

Enter SIR CHARLES *and* BAILIFF.

BAILIFF.

Oh! Lord! Sir, you need not mind. We have had as good company as yourſelf before now, and ſhall have again. Why, it's as common to ſee your gaming gentry in a ſpunging-houſe, as in a gambling-houſe; for, the one opens the door of the other.

SIR CHARLES.

Has none of my friends been here?

BAILIFF.

Not a ſoul. Aye, and that's common enough. I have known a great rout at a great houſe, the over night, and the Lord with as many friends about him as the room would hold; the next morning he has been arreſted, and I have found him as deſerted as had he never known any body. But that's common, very common.

SIR CHARLES.

Should a Mr. Seymour call, ſhow him up.

BAILIFF.

Aye, but it's ten to one if he ſhows you down. No, no; we know the ways of your gentry too well. There is not one of your deareſt friends, I am ſure, will now ſtep forward, and extricate you from priſon.

SIR CHARLES.

Torment!—Leave me, Sir, immediately.

BAILIFF.

Very well, Sir! Oh! very well!

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Seymour, Sir.

SIR CHARLES.

Show him up.—And you, Sir, leave us to ourſelves.

BAILIFF.

Some people think too much of themſelves.

Exit.

Enter SEYMOUR.

SEYMOUR.

Sir Charles!

SIR CHARLES.

Seymour!

SEYMOUR.

Damme! Charles, you have acted unlike a man; but I'm not come to upbraid you.

SIR CHARLES.

Ah! my dear Seymour, if a reparation is to know my fault, I repent it now ſeverely.

SEYMOUR.

O'Neale told me of your being arreſted, and I flew to you immediately. How could that curſed itch for gambling make you forget your wife, and ruſh into this ſtate of beggary?

SIR CHARLES.

Seymour, gambling is a vice, when it graſps to the heart, will not eaſily let go its hold.

SEYMOUR.

True, Charles.——You ſuſpect not that thoſe around you are cheats; you warm yourſelf with the idea that a man cannot be ſo unfortunate, as continually to loſe. Then you proceed, with the hopes of winning, till the laſt doit is dragged from your pocket; and then, you return to your family a beggar.

SIR CHARLES.

Seymour, you have learnt the arts and wiles of gambling, without the misfortune of gaining your knowledge by experience.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Bettall.

SEYMOUR.

Oh! ſhow him up; ſhow him up.

Exit Servant.

SIR CHARLES.

No, Mr. Seymour, I will not ſee him. I deteſt the raſcal; and 'tis purgatory to be in his preſence.

SEYMOUR.

Nay, Sir Charles; I inſiſt on his coming up.—

Enter MR. BETTALL.

How do you do, Mr. Bettall?

BETTALL.

Mr. Seymour, how do you do?

SEYMOUR.

Why, I'm tolerable, I thank you. I ſuppoſe you come on a little buſineſs with Sir Charles?

BETTALL.

Why, yes. I come to make matters up; I would not wiſh to diſtreſs him, and ſo am come to make a propoſal.

SEYMOUR.

You are very good. Well, and what is it?

BETTALL.

BETTALL.

Why, I would not wiſh to diſtreſs Sir Charles; and as it is not convenient to him to pay me immediately, I'll take his bond for the money.

SEYMOUR.

Hum!—a very fair propoſal.

BETTALL.

Yes, I would not wiſh to diſtreſs him.

SEYMOUR.

And you are really ſo kind as to offer to take his bond for the money?

BETTALL.

Yes, I don't care; it is a kindneſs, and I hope Sir Charles will conſider it as ſuch.

SEYMOUR.

Without there!——

Enter O'NEALE.

O'Neale, kick this raſcal down ſtairs.

BETTALL.

What me? kick me, kick me down ſtairs!

O'NEALE.

Come along, you dirty blackguard!

Exit, kicking him out.

SIR

SIR CHARLES *and* SEYMOUR.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

SIR CHARLES.

I really wonder, Seymour, you had patience with him ſo long.

SEYMOUR.

Well, Charles, farewell. I'll return ſoon with bail. Indeed, Lady Cavendiſh is quite diſconſolate; and I will not keep her in expectation longer than I can help.

SIR CHARLES.

Well, farewell! I ſhall expect you ſoon.

Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Enter BETTALL.

BETTALL.

DAMME! never was ſo vilely treated in all my life; never was.—Catch me by the arm, and bundle me out of the houſe, as if I was, damme! I don't know what all!—Oh! I never was ſo vilely uſed. Kicking into the kennel, I ſuppoſe, they call treatment for a gentleman. But I'll have juſtice done.—Where is this curſed lawyer?

Enter CHATTER.

CHATTER.

Who called on Abraham Chatter? Did you, Sir, "require me here?"

BETTALL.

I did—ſee here, ſee here; I was rolled into the kennel, ſwapped in the middle of mud and filth,

and this is a treatment for a gentleman. I am come here, Sir, to have juſtice done me.

CHATTER.

" Juſtice, by nothing biaſs'd or inclin'd,
Deaf to perſuaſion, to temptation blind,
Determines without favour, and the laws
O'erlook the parties, to decide the cauſe."

BETTALL.

Very good, very good, indeed! Well now, and what's to be done?

CHATTER.

" For ſomething muſt be done."

BETTALL.

Aye, and that moſt ſpeedily.

CHATTER.

" Swift as an arrow from the twanging bow,
Swiftly as Syrians when they charge in war,
So ſhall thy work be done."

BETTALL.

Very well, my dear fellow—that will do; and, now, let me ſee. Oh! I bring an action againſt him for aſſault.

CHATTER.

For an aſſault!—" O! by the great Gods, revenge this inſult."——

BETTALL.

BETTALL.

Well! but never mind that now, proceed to buſineſs, and let me know how the caſe ſtands.

CHATTER.

"The caſe ſtands thus—
Moſt cruel racks and torments are preparing
To force confeſſion from his dying pangs.
Thou ſhalt behold him ſtretch'd in all the agonies
Of a tormenting and a ſhameful death;
His bleeding bowels, and his broken limbs,
Inſulted o'er by a vile butchering villain!"

BETTALL.

Eh!—what!—what mangled limbs, butchering villain! Oh! no; that won't do; that would be going too far.

CHATTER.

"Wire draw his limbs, ſpin all his nerves like hairs,
And work his tortur'd fleſh as thin as flame."

BETTALL.

Why, what the devil!

CHATTER.

"——————— I could tell a ſtory
Would rouſe the lion's heat out of its den,
And make it rage with terrifying fury."

BETTALL.

Why, what the devil is your tale to me? I want juſtice, I come here for juſtice.

CHATTER.

"Juſtice you ſhall have, and bitter juſtice too."

BETTALL.

Why, you are mad, abſolutely mad! I won't ſtay with you, or I ſhall catch the infection.

CHATTER.

"Briefly then, you ſtate the matter thus in rage."

BETTALL.

No, not in rage. No, no, 'twas very cool and deliberate; quite cool; he took me by the ſhoulder, and kicked me down ſtairs. Then, roll'd me in a kennel afore the door.

CHATTER.

"O! ye Gods! to ſuffer this diſgrace!
But you ſhall have ample vengeance."
Well, now then; he kick'd you down ſtairs, and rolled you in the gutter.

BETTALL.

That's it; exactly ſo. It's very right; now go on; do, my dear fellow, proceed.

CHATTER.

And dirtied your cloaths moſt abominably.

BETTALL.

BETTALL.

Aye, that you can ſee.—Here, here's a tail.

CHATTER.

" ———————— I could a tale relate,
Would freeze your young bones."

BETTALL.

Well! we'll have that ſome other time.

CHATTER.

" My name is Norval; on the Grampian
Hills, my father feeds his flock;
A frugal ————————,"

BETTALL.

Damn it! will you attend to my buſineſs, or will you not?

CHATTER.

" But I had heard of battles,
And I long'd to follow to the field."

BETTALL.

Damn the field!

CHATTER.

" Some warlike Lord ————————."

BETTALL.

Will you hear me? Your tongue runs like a windmill; there's no ſuch thing as ſtopping it when once it's on the go.

CHATTER.

" And Heaven ſoon granted what my
Sin denied. Scarce had yon moon, round
As my ſhield ————————."

BETTALL.

Why, he's a warrior now!

CHATTER.

" A band of fierce barbarians ruſhed like a torrent ————————."

BETTALL.

Well, good morning. I really muſt leave you, you damn'd gabbing fool!

Exit.

CHATTER.

" Horror and Hell! I burn, I rave, I die.
Eternal racks my tortur'd boſom tear.
Vultures with endleſs pangs are gnawing there.
Fury! deſtruction! I am all deſpair."

Exit.

SCENE

SCENE THE SECOND.

LADY CAVENDISH'S *Houſe.*

Enter LADY CAVENDISH, SIR CHARLES, *and* SEYMOUR.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Well, well, we cannot expect to find him quite a convert yet: but, I make no doubt, we ſhall be able to make a good reformation in him.

SIR CHARLES.

Aye, that it will; for, I vow and proteſt I never will bet again.

SEYMOUR.

I lay you five to four.

SIR CHARLES.

Done——Pſhaw! I will not bet.

SEYMOUR *and* LADY CAVENDISH.

Ha! ha! ha!

LADY CAVENDISH.

All in good time; the change is not to be effected in a moment.

SEYMOUR.

No; for, believe me, was I to find him pretend a perfect change at once, I ſhould doubt him greatly; for, I know an ill habit is not eaſy to be broken. It is as difficult for a perſon to give up what he is uſed to, as it is for me, in my preſent moments, to be in love with gambling.

SIR CHARLES.

Gambling is the worſt of vices. Now my eyes are open to its deluſive ways, I muſt deteſt it; and wonder how ſo inſipid employment could give me pleaſure.

LADY CAVENDISH.

And well you may; for, to me, 'tis the moſt ſtupid, and moſt deſtructive, of all faſhionable vices.

SEYMOUR.

In a ſhort time, Sir Charles, we ſhall have you quite a reformed rake, and you'll make a good huſband. Well, I ſhall be happy to ſee you and my ſiſter enjoying all the ſunſhine of connubial felicity. Diveſted of your vices, you'll feel a pleaſure in being in her company; and then it will be as hard for you to take to gaming, as, mayhap, it is now for you to leave it off.

SIR CHARLES.

Moſt likely; for, I now love her more than ever, and hold her up as a pattern of her ſex, a prudent

wife. When I was engaged in diſſipated purſuits, ſhe lived frugally at home; and when my appetite was cloyed with diſſipation, ſhe amiably chid me, and bid me refrain from my vicious courſes: but I heeded her not, till I found myſelf ingulphed in danger.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Well, well, all the pain I have experienced is entirely eraſed by the pleaſure I now feel, in being able to effect a thorough change in your conduct.

SIR CHARLES.

Pardon me, then, for my paſt errors, too amiable wife, and I will entirely devote my whole life to pleaſure, and to you.

Enter O'NEALE.

SEYMOUR.

O' Neale, what now?

O'NEALE.

Oh! my gracious maſter! only look here, here's a bit of a thing they call a note for you.

SEYMOUR.

For me?

O'NEALE.

Yes, for you: and, by my ſoul! I believe it for you.

SEYMOUR

SEYMOUR.

It's from Lord Dorville!

O'NEALE.

And a Frenchman gave it me, Sir, with a long tail dangling down his back; and the black began talking about Lord Dorville, and a duel. Devil duel you, cried I; ſo took the letter, your honour, and ſhut the door in his face. Oh! leave Pat alone, for being to turn out a blackguard genteely.

SEYMOUR.

To what a pitch of madneſs hath Cleaveland's deſperacy drove him!

SIR CHARLES.

What do you mean?

SEYMOUR.

He has ſent Lord Dorville a challenge, who has accepted it.—Is Dorville gone?

O'NEALE.

Indeed, I don't know, your honour: but the French thief told me, that his maſter was gone to fight a duel, and he came to inform you of it, that you might make haſte there. Now, pleaſe your honour, I did not know that a duel ſignified fighting between three or four. But, as it is, you had better make haſte, or there will be no ſport.

SEYMOUR.

SEYMOUR.

Come, Sir Charles; let us haſte to interfere.

O'NEALE.

And, pleaſe your honour, if O'Neale can be of any ſarvice in the ſkirmiſh, you may command him to the beſt of his abilities. To be ſure, I don't much underſtand piſtols, but, for turning a blackguard out of doors, why, Paddy O'Blarny's your man.

SIR CHARLES.

Come, Seymour, let us haſte, or miſchief may be done.

Exeunt.

SCENE THE THIRD.

Hyde Park.

CLEAVELAND *walking up and down, with his arms folded.*

Enter LORD DORVILLE.

CLEAVELAND.

Now, Sir.—I ſee you are punctual.—No words, but take your ground.

DORVILLE.

Mr. Cleaveland, I am come prepar'd. Firſt, let me attempt to juſtify myſelf.

CLEAVELAND.

I will not hear a word. You cannot offer a word grateful to my ear; ſo, no more, but take your ground.

DORVILLE.

Give me but one word in my own defence.

CLEAVELAND.

I ſhut my ears to all you have to ſay. What can you alledge in your own behalf? Have you not torn my daughter from my boſom? Have you not ſown the ſeeds of miſery in her ſoul? She was my all; my life; the prop of my declining age: for, what is life without a comforter? and ſhe was my comforter, till a rude villain plucked her from the ſoil in which ſhe bloomed: who, when he had ſatisfied his brutal appetite, threw her aſide to wither, unſeen, unknown, but her name, deſpiſed!

DORVILLE.

Now, Cleaveland, hear me; hear me, ere I raiſe my hand againſt your life.

CLEAVELAND.

Monſter! vile monſter! I will not. Oh! you have blighted all my hopes, cruſhed my age's comfort. But come, Sir, this is trifling; take your ground.

DORVILLE.

This is but poor revenge for you, who are the injur'd, to place your life in oppoſition to mine.

No,

No, Cleaveland, I cannot raiſe my hand againſt your life.

CLEAVELAND.

You have torn from my ſoul its nouriſhment, you have rent my heart almoſt aſunder. I come here, ſuppoſe to die, I'll thank you for it; for now, I drag on a life painful to myſelf, which muſt be ended in a lingering torment. Come, complete your work, villain.

DORVILLE.

Ha! come on then, ſince no words can appeaſe your inſatiable fury: I am ready.

CLEAVELAND *(preſents piſtols)*.

Stand then, and take your ground.

(Both fire in the air.)

How! Lord Dorville!

DORVILLE.

I am tired of life: take mine; I will not raiſe my hand againſt you: I have injured you already too deeply.

CLEAVELAND.

Lord Dorville, have you not acted baſely by me?

DORVILLE.

I have, I own.

CLEAVELAND.

Then, as a man of honour, why deny me the pleaſure of revenge?

DORVILLE.

Take *your* revenge. Take my heart's blood to ſatiate your monſtrous fury. Cleaveland, I have injured you, robbed you, as you term it, of your age's comfort: but think me not ſo great a villain, as to take your life. No, I am not ſo great a monſter, as to raiſe my arm againſt the life of that man, whom before I have ſo much injured.

CLEAVELAND.

My whole ſoul breathes nought but invective againſt you. I dedicate the remainder of my life to ſeek revenge. I will torment you till, frantic in deſpair, you raiſe the weapon againſt yourſelf. An old man's tears, though they be crocodiles, ſhall find their way to the hearts of the feeling. Then ſhall you be ſpurned, an object of diſgrace and contempt.

DORVILLE.

Now by your wrongs, old man; and, as you ſeek my life, thus ſhall your hate be alone appeaſed.

(Holds the piſtol to his head, is about to diſcharge, when enter SIR CHARLES *and* SEYMOUR.*)*

SIR CHARLES.

Lord Dorville!

SEYMOUR.

Mr. Cleaveland!

SIR CHARLES.

Lord Dorville! what! lift your hand againſt yourſelf.

CLEAVE-

CLEAVELAND.

When next we meet, we meet deciſive. Now, farewel; foes we remain: for, death can ſcarce reprieve my antipathy.

SEYMOUR.

Permit me to attend you.

CLEAVELAND.

What! think you I am armed againſt myſelf? No; 'tis cowards, and the guilty, that ſeek their life; 'tis thoſe are afraid to live, fearing the troubles of their own conſcience.

Exeunt SEYMOUR *and* CLEAVELAND.

SIR CHARLES.

Lord Dorville, come, come with me.

DORVILLE.

Oh! Sir Charles! Sir Charles!

SIR CHARLES.

Come, never heed: we will ſeek to remove his ſtubborn hatred.

DORVILLE.

Never. His heart ſeems ſhut to human miſery, and knows not the value of repentance.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE THE FOURTH.

LADY CAVENDISH *and* SUSAN.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Show Mrs. Sanderſon in; though I really have no knowledge of ſuch a perſon.

SUSAN.

Yes, Ma'am. *Exit.*

Re-enter, with MRS. SANDERSON.

MRS. SANDERSON.

Good morning, Ma'am. You, I preſume, are Lady Cavendiſh.

LADY CAVENDISH.

At your pleaſure.

MRS. SANDERSON.

I come, Ma'am, upon a little buſineſs.—You muſt know, Ma'am, Lord Dorville took lodgings of me, for himſelf and a young lady; and ſo, he being almoſt inſtantaneouſly called away, the young lady was left at my lodgings, Ma'am; and ———

LADY CAVENDISH.

Well? pray, proceed.

MRS.

MRS. SANDERSON.

And ſo, Ma'am, theſe lodgings belonged to a gentleman, who had gone a little way into the country; and I not expecting him back, you know, my Lady, accommodated the gentleman; and ſo, this occaſioned a ſmall miſtake.

LADY CAVENDISH.

And does this appertain to me?

MRS. SANDERSON.

Oh! yes, my Lady; very materially; for, Miſs Emily Cleaveland, the lady's name——

LADY CAVENDISH.

Miſs Cleaveland! what! where is ſhe?

MRS. SANDERSON.

A moment, my Lady, and I'll tell you—and ſo, my Lady, ſhe was deſarted, and left all alone in my houſe—and being in a lodging-houſe, you know, Ma'am, it laid her open to inſult; and ſo, Ma'am, ſhe begged of me to put her ———

LADY CAVENDISH.

Well! good woman, we can diſpenſe with the reſt—where is Miſs Emily?

MRS. SANDERSON.

And ſo, Ma'am, I took the liberty of bringing her with me, Ma'am,

Enter

Enter SUSAN, *with* MISS CLEAVELAND.

LADY CAVENDISH.

My dear Miſs Cleaveland, you ſhall have protection here.

EMILY.

I am much indebted to you.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Do, ſit you down, good girl; there ——

MRS. SANDERSON.

And now, my Lady, with your permiſſion, I'll take my leave: ſo, your ſervant.

Exit.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Oh! my tender Emily, how came you ſo imprudently to fly your father's houſe?

EMILY *(falls on her neck).*

Forgive me, forgive me; I have erred, and deeply. Oh! Lady Cavendiſh, the pangs I have borne by this ſeparation——

LADY CAVENDISH.

Well! well! my Emily—Cleaveland is forgiving.

EMILY.

Oh! can I look upon him again? him who loved me ſo tenderly? who cheriſhed, who doated on me as his only comfort? What agony muſt I have cauſed him!

LADY CAVENDISH.

Fear not; he will forgive thee.

EMILY.

Will he? but can I forgive myſelf? for, oh! Lady Cavendiſh, curſes are attendant on children, for diſobedience, and for guiltily cauſing their parents' tears.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Well! you repent—and—(*Enter* SUSAN, *whiſpers*) —my dear Miſs Emily, I will return—you'll excuſe my abſence.

Exit.

EMILY.

How kind! how very, very kind! Ah! ſhe fled not from her father!

Enter CLEAVELAND.

EMILY.

My father!

CLEAVELAND.

How, Emily!—(*ſhe faints in his arms*)—My child! my tender Emily!—without there—ſoft—ſhe revives. My long loſt Emily, welcome to my arms.

EMILY.

Oh! my father, can you forgive me?

CLEAVELAND.

Forgive thee!—ye . .—never—you have diſgraced me; you have brought my grey hairs to ſorrow.

Oh! Emily, how could you uſe your father ſo? how could you bear the tear trembling in that eye that doated on you?

EMILY.

You ſhall forgive me. Indeed! indeed! you ſhall. You cannot ſee your Emily bent on her knee, and let her ſupplicate in vain; you cannot, I am ſure you cannot.

CLEAVELAND.

The conflict's paſt in my boſom: my reſolve is fixed. Once, I thought I could not exiſt without my Emily; once, I thought ſhe was my life and nouriſhment; but now, I find that without her there ſtill is life. All the ſtrong ties of fatherly affection are broken, and I never more can look on thee as my child.—*(Going.)*

EMILY.

My father! you ſhall not eſcape. No, here will I hang, cling to your knees, till you have ſealed my pardon. Look on me; I am your Emily ſtill: by the great love you once entertained for your daughter, look on me. Pity my diſtreſs; 'tis my firſt fault, my firſt tranſgreſſion. I ſee the pitying tear now tremble in your eye; it rolls down that cheek, the ſeal of my forgiveneſs.

CLEAVELAND.

I can no more. My love! my Emily! you are my daughter ſtill, and I forgive. Your fault ſhall

in

in my breaſt be buried in oblivion; thus, thus do I ſeal your pardon—*(embraces her)*—And now, my dear Emily, leſt the noiſy world ſhould prate of your diſhonour, in your hearing, and it ſhould grieve your heart, come with me into the country, where our uſual harmony and felicity ſhall be again reſtored.

EMILY.

Our harmony ſhall be uninterrupted. We will again be gay, again ſee the pleaſures of the ſummer's eve; and, with the merry villager, partake the felicity of ruſtic mirth. Oh! we ſhall be very, very happy!

Enter SEYMOUR, SIR CHARLES *and* LADY CAVENDISH, LORD DORVILLE, *and* CHATTER.

DORVILLE *(runs to her)*.

My Emily!

CLEAVELAND.

Stand off—pollute her not with your infective hand.

DORVILLE.

Mr. Cleaveland, hear me.

CLEAVELAND.

Sir, I want no defence.—We need no farther communication. My Emily and I ſhall retire from the world, to our ſequeſtered cot, where deceit and villainy ſhall never again enter.

SEYMOUR.

Come, come, Mr. Cleaveland, you are too ſevere.

CLEAVELAND.

Mr. Seymour, I am grateful to you for your ſervices; and, at any time, ſhould be glad to more ſtrictly unite in friendſhip; when I call you a man of honour, I truſt I am not deceived.

SEYMOUR.

You honour me by your good opinion; but now, permit me to ſay one word for Lord Dorville.

CLEAVELAND.

Not one word.

SEYMOUR.

How! a ſoldier, and refuſe to ſhow mercy to a fallen foe! Cleaveland, this is not generous.

DORVILLE.

Nay, you ſhall hear me. As a man of honour, you cannot deny me juſtice, and juſtice demands that you ſhould hear my defence. 'Tis I have wronged; 'tis I am to make atonement; 'tis you are injured, and you muſt hear a conceſſion.

CLEAVELAND.

Lord Dorville, I forgive you, from my ſoul; no conceſſion need be made.

CHATTER.

Sir, your name's Cleaveland, I preſume. Permit me to ſay:

" He that commits a ſin ſhall quickly find,
The preſſive guilt lie heavy on his mind.
Though bribes or favour ſhall aſſert his cauſe,
Pronounce him guiltleſs; and elude the laws;
None quits himſelf, his own impartial thought
Will damn, and Conſcience will record the fault."

DORVILLE.

Cleaveland, I loved your daughter, ſtill love her to adoration; 'twas my giddy youth, and warmth of paſſion, drove me to the act of ſeducing her from her home; but ſtill, her mind's unſullied, ſhe's innocent as Heaven.

CHATTER.

" Virtue, dear friend, needs no defence;
The ſureſt guard is Innocence:
None knew, till Guilt created Fear,
What poiſon'd darts or arrows were;
Integrity undaunted goes
Through Lybian ſands, and Scythian ſnows;
Or, where Hydaſpe's wealthy ſide,
Pays tribute to the Perſian pride."

CLEAVELAND.

Is my Emily innocent, then?

DORVILLE.

Her honour is untarniſhed.

CLEAVE-

CLEAVELAND *(embracing her)*.

Dearer to me than ever!

SEYMOUR *(aſide)*.

We ſhall effect a reconciliation.

DORVILLE.

You are a ſoldier; and, I truſt, I'm ſpeaking to a feeling heart. Cleaveland, I love your daughter, much as life; bleſs me with her hand, and make me happy, though, for a time, I have made you miſerable.

CLEAVELAND.

Take it—there—now, you are my children. A good heart often obeys the mandates of a thoughtleſs head; I am content to think you would not make her unhappy willingly, or make me miſerable. There, take her, and may you be happy!

DORVILLE.

My Emily! bleſſed with thee, now am I indeed completely happy.

EMILY.

Kind father, your goodneſs overpowers me.

LADY CAVENDISH.

Mr. Cleaveland, and now give me leave to preſent to you a reclaimed libertine. Come, Sir Charles, come forward; let Mr. Cleaveland preach you a leſſon of morality—and againſt gaming.

CHATTER.

" If gaming does an aged ſire entice,
Then my young maſter ſwiftly learns the vice,
And ſhakes in hanging ſleeves the little box and dice.
But then, my ſtudy was to cog the dice,
And dextrouſly to throw the lucky ſice;
To ſhun an ace, that ſwaps the ſtakes away,
And watch the box, for fear they ſhould convey
Falſe bones, and put upon me in the play."

SIR CHARLES.

Well! my dear, I, like Lord Dorville, ſee my error, and will endeavour to improve.

CLEAVELAND.

Oh! this day, we can a pardon ſeal for all. All, all ſhall ſhare the general joy.

Enter O'NEALE *and* SUSAN.

O'NEALE.

And, by my ſoul! but come along, and the devil burn me, if this is not the happieſt day of O'Neale's life!—Joy be to you, miſtreſs and maſter, and to all this good company.

SEYMOUR.

Well! O'Neale, thou art an honeſt ſoul, and ſhalt be rewarded.

O'NEALE.

O'NEALE.

And pleaſe you, my maſter, to make O'Neale happy, he muſt have the girl of his heart; and ſo, Suſan and I have been talking about matrimony; and ſure enough we have agreed about it. However we may after, we can't tell; but you ſee, I let her have her way.

CLEAVELAND.

I think I can behold the dawning rays of felicity beaming on the countenance of all preſent. May it be an ominous preface to our future happineſs!

CHATTER *(advancing to the audience).*

The Author pens his play on moral ground,
In Virtue's praiſe he bids the trump to ſound;
Again he'll raiſe the pen in Virtue's cauſe,
Knowing him bleſs'd by gaining your applauſe.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE,

INTENDED TO BE SPOKEN;

BUT, FOR REASONS, WITHHELD.

WRITTEN BY W. H. IRELAND,
AUTHOR OF THE ABBESS, &c.

THE court is fill'd; the judges rang'd around;
Each critic eyes me with a look profound.
Diſmay'd I ſtand: how ſhall I plead my cauſe?
Gentle, my Lords, pray grant one moment's pauſe—
For, much I fear, your feelings will revolt;
I come t' extenuate a huſband's fault.
To prove, that, if I fled an honour'd fire,
My frailty merits not your vengeful ire.
Are we not all by Nature prone to ſtray?
Nature, who rules us with unrivall'd ſway,
Whoſe mighty pow'r each action doth controul,
Who moves the inmoſt workings of the ſoul!
'Twas the firſt error: who from fault is free?
Are none here guilty, ſave my Lord, and me?
Can each ſtern judge his actions paſt retrace?
Will no compunctuous glow o'erſpread his face?
To you, my female hearers, I'll appeal;
You, whoſe ſoft ſoul can Love's warm impulſe feel.
Have none yet err'd? Nay, nay, your fault I'll ſcan,
Veil not your bluſhing face behind your fan.

The truth's proclaim'd; the fair one heaves a ſigh;
For, Nature's fault beams from each heav'nly eye;
Whoſe dazzling luſtre hath ſome youth beguil'd,
Now, hopeleſs, wand'ring through the deſert wild.
What, then! you 're ſilent! nay, if it be ſo,
'Twere coward-like to taunt the vanquiſh'd foe.
To you, O! men, I'll now my ſuit addreſs;
If I ſpeak truth, will ye the truth confeſs?
Have ye not oft'times ſworn, and us'd your art,
To gain the unſuſpecting maiden's heart?
And, when the ſilly girl believ'd your ſtrain,
Have ye not heard her ſigh, and weep in vain?
Ah! 'tis too true; the charge you can't deny;
Nay, do not frown, th' event you dare not try.
Yet, ſoft! there 's one, this night hath gone aſtray;
I mean the trembling author of our play.
A youth, unſkill'd in the great drama's laws,
A timid candidate for your applauſe.
Spare Nature's Faults; he only ſtrove to pleaſe:
Pray, join your hands, and give his boſom eaſe.

THE END.

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